



# The Warrick County Press

A supplement to The Evansville Press

for HARPER BEAT # 8

Thursday, March 31, 1983



Celesta Gostley with her pet fire lizard

## 'Winged dragons' on the way to Lynnville Park

By Dan Armstrong  
Press Staff Reporter

LYNNVILLE — Warrick County residents shouldn't be alarmed if a few winged dragons come flying in to roost in Lynnville Park this summer.

It's only a meeting of Midwestern fans of the Dragonriders of Pern novels, who plan to hold their "gather," as they call the get-together, on the weekend of

July 23 and 24.

Still there? You've heard of Star Trek fans, who delight in reading, writing and talking about a television series they treasure. Well, there are also Sherlock Holmes fans, Tarzan fans — and fans of the sometimes whimsical, sometimes brooding works of Anne McCaffrey.

Jayne Moore, one of a handful of Evansville and Chandler

residents in a year-old Dragonriders club named Harper Hall, said the outing in Lynnville Park is intended to bring together all the fans in the Fort Weyr region, which takes in all the states of the Midwest "and then some."

She said small groups are spotted across the country, but "there's a big empty space between California and the Midwest."

Mrs. Moore, a 28-year-old

Evansville resident who also edits the regional newsletter, said she expects fans from Michigan, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky to camp in the park off I-64. "Something tells me we probably will have a few Star Trek people and Battlestar Galactica people and who knows who all."

One of the weekend's highlights will be a costume party, and fans will dress as dragonriders, lordholders and crafts

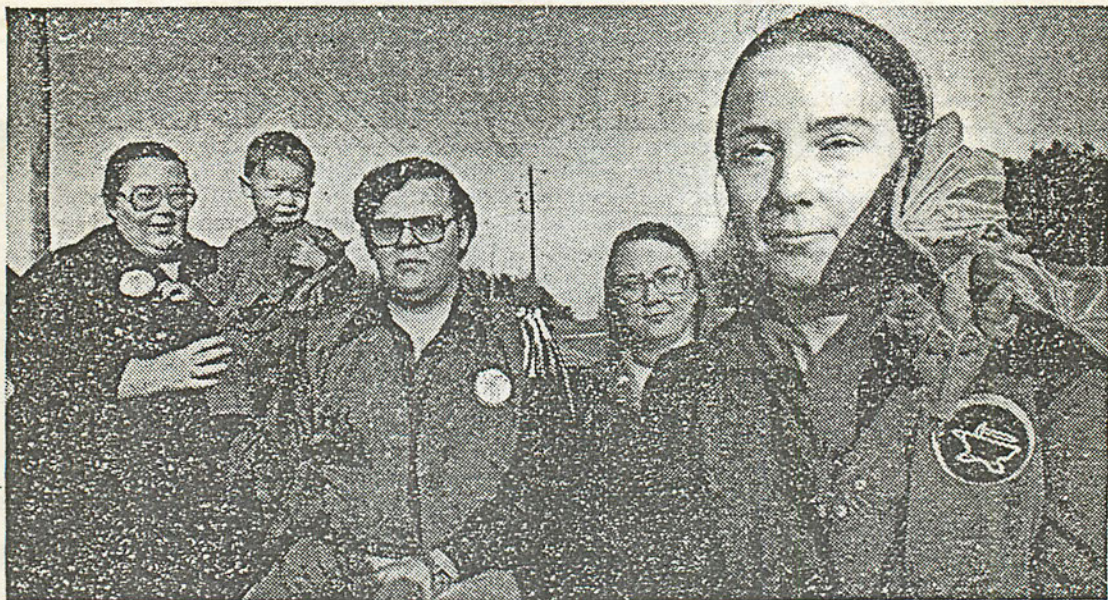
people — the main classes in the McCaffrey books, which have a medieval-like setting.

"Costuming is probably one of everyone's main interests," said Mrs. Moore, who advised potential designers, "Zippers are a no-no. Those people (in the books) don't have zippers."

Mrs. Moore emphasized despite the otherworldly trappings she is actually down-to-

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Dragonriders, Jayne Moore, Galen Moore, Michael Sharer, Gwyn Hunt, Celesta Gostley

**Continued from page 1**

earth with a husband and year-and-a-half-old son, Russell, whose antics move her to describe her occupation, "I'm a baby chaser."

Explaining her interest in the science fiction-fantasy world of the Dragonrider books, she said, "A lot of us think it's just escapism," a chance to be and do what isn't possible in everyday life.

The books are set on the planet Pern, located "somewhere in the Sagittarian sector" and inhabited by descendants of Earth travelers who arrived as colonists.

Club members like to pretend to be Pern people, and Mrs. Moore assumes the role of a dragonrider named Holena. "We don't know whether we're from Earth. It's been so long it's fallen into legend and practically been forgotten."

The series of novels has titles like Dragonflight, Dragonquest, Dragonsong, Dragonsinger and Dragondrums. "I don't think she has a spacebar on her typewriter," Mrs. Moore said.

But one book is called The White Dragon. "She had to throw things for a loop," Mrs. Moore laughed. She's waiting for the next book, tentatively titled Dragonlady.

The newsletter is called the Harper Beat, a pun based on a poem in one of the novels and the newspaper term "beat," as in a reporter's beat. On Pern singers and musicians are called harpers and pass along information in song.

However, after the newsletter was named, a club member doublechecked the phrasing of the poem and found, "Drummers beat and pipers blow, harpers strike and soldiers go."

So with the harpers striking instead of beating, Mrs. Moore planned the next issue, scheduled for April Fool's Day, as a special strike issue. "We're making the dragons write it." April 1 is also the birthday of Ms. McCaffrey, whose age is up for conjecture.

She said Michael Sharer, a Chandler resident, had the idea to stage the gather — "McCaffrey's official word for it" — in Lynnville Park. "He's the one to blame for anything that goes wrong. It's his fault we're going to have our first meeting in Lynnville," she joked.

Undaunted, Sharer noted one of the club's attractions, at least for him, is the chance to meet women. "In fantasy groups there's about 3 or 4 guys to every 10 girls." A cashier at the Chandler 66 station, Sharer said, "I'm just interested in fantasy and science fiction and I enjoy the dragonriders."

Sharer, 22, and Mrs. Moore hope to enlist Sharer's 17-year-old brother, Keith, to be the dragonrider for the plastic dragon they're set on building.

With only a few members in the club, Mrs. Moore is eager to build the ranks and invited would-be dragonriders to write to Sharer at P.O. Box 505, Chandler, IN 47610.



Vol.2, No.2 Issue 8 The newsletter of Fort Weyr (The Mid-west US Regional Anne McCaffrey Fan Club.) 6/1/83.

Copies of this newsletter are mailed bi-monthly (6 per year) to all dues paying Fort personnel. Dues rate: \$5 per year, payable to "Jane Ellen Moore" at 1315 John Street, Evansville, IN 47714. Although membership is open in and out of Fort, subscriptions are available for \$4 per year. Contributors receive the issue in which their trib appears or an extension of their subscription.

Fort Weyr is a not-for-profit social/cultural organization existing to promote McCaffrey fandom in our region. Questions about Fort may be directed to the Scribe Coordinator, Weyrwoman Holena (Jayne Moore, above) or Weyrleader K'lee (Michael Sharer, P.O. Box 505, Chandler, IN 47610). Contributors retain all copyrights. Typos blamed totally on fire lizard typolist assistants(?).

# # #  
ART CREDITS: Photographs - cover, p.2, 23. Robert Miller - p.9.  
Shelana - p.10. Holena - p.12, 20. Medeon - p.14.

# # #  
YOU HAVE THIS NEWSLETTER BECAUSE (see Xed space(s))...  
\_\_\_\_ your contribution appears within  
\_\_\_\_ it's a courtesy or reciprocal copy  
\_\_\_\_ it's your LAST one; time to renew!

# # #  
SCRIBE COORDINATOR/WEYRWOMAN'S RECORD

Welcome to my first combined Scribe Coordinator (that's Pernese for editor) & Senior Weyrwoman column. I have LOTS of news for you. First, let's cover lastish. The egg hunt results are on page 17. I'd like to apologize for the fuzzy grayness of HE7. LoIs was dirty but working then. This one is from the ~~copy shop~~ until we get a working copier again.\* By the way, how many of you took a good look at the border? There was a message there. Go look--I'll tell the rest what it was at the end of the report.

NEXT ISSUE--HB9 First, since it follows Fort Fest, it will likely be late so we can report on the fun. NEXTLY--we've been asked if we can have a "pick on Greg (L'ran, bronze Lanarth's rider, Lord of Miridon Isle)" issue. Go ahead. If any of you want to report an embarrassing story about him do it now. The other Miridon Holdees are at it already as well as K'lee & Kieres Weyrwoman Phalene!

Speaking of K'lee, his telling of our mating flight got detailed and lloonnnggg. Never again will I complain about G'tan's long-windedness. And speaking of G'tan, his ordeal following Catrin's death is in here, too. Both stories took place in the same two-day period. The scene between G'tan & K'lee happens the afternoon of the same day as the flight. Let's hear it for our busy Weyrleader, not to mention the worn-out Vegath.

You won't find a filk this ish for several reasons: no room, they're in the filksine (not yet done) anyway, and we're running out of songs to tunes you know.

As Weyrwoman, it falls to me to instruct you in the ways of Fort Weyr, so I've begun work on our Weyrling Manual. More as it developes.

Now-- to the reason this ish is slightly late: ALTERCON!! C'tryn & D'ten stayed with G'tan the week before & I came up on Fri. I hadn't reserved a room, but found someone who didn't have a roommate. She turned out to be Laura Parkinson, one of Fort's newest members! Small time-space continuum (Hi, Snoops). G'tan, C'tryn & I did a panel while  
(continues on page 12) \*Morvenna bought a new one! More in HB9!



## KREELINGS FROM FORT WEYR -- SPECIAL ADDITION

It was late afternoon when Kieth suicided. No one at Fort Weyr realized anything had happened to Catrin, until Kieth's mourning call shattered the senses of the Weyrfolk. Suddenly, the huge queen of Fort was high above the Weyr, the limp form of her rider clasped gently in her claws. She went between. All over Pern, dragons keened tribute to the passing gold.

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Weyrleader K'lee sat alone in his weyr, mulling the situation over in his head. Vegath, his bronze, was understandably upset; Kieth had been his mate. And what affected Vegath affected K'lee. While Catrin had been his Weyrwoman, each had had their own mates and were no more than friends. Now Holena, gold Norath's rider and junior Weyrwoman, would become Weyrwoman of Fort.

As if summoned by the thought, Holena and her mate, G'rad, rider of bronze Korinth, appeared at the entrance. "K'lee? May we come in?"

"Huh? Oh, yes. Come on in." He waved them in and they settled at the table.

Almost on their heels was Lela, K'lee's weyrmate. "I saw Holena and G'rad headed this way and suspected a Conclave was forming. I sent up some evening refreshments." She stepped over to the lift that had rumbled up the shaft as they entered. She removed the tray and set it on the table, handing out beverages. "Wine or klah?" she asked, turning to K'lee.

"Klah. As much as I would like to drown my sorrows, it's best I keep a clear head."

"Same here," added G'rad.

"I've some fruit juice for you," Lela said, setting another mug before Holena, "I know how you feel about klah."

"Always the perfect hostess," Holena quipped as she tasted the juice, then picked up a fruit from the tray. "What a beautiful redfruit," she observed, biting into the tangy flesh, the juice running down her chin. "Delicious. I could have sworn we were out of Southern fruits."

"We were," Lela answered as she settled beside K'lee, "but Kyri came visiting and brought enough to hold us over till tomorrow, when the next shipment is due."

"Kyri?" asked Holena.

"The daughter of Daarin and Maida from Fort Hold. She's a journeywoman Archivist at Southern. She's here to visit her parents and report to the Master Archivist about the records some children found in a cave down there."

"Oh, yes. I remember her now," said Holena. "A mere slip of a girl when she left."

"Not any more," K'lee grinned evilly.

"Skirt chaser," Lela laughed, slapping at him playfully.

They half-grinned to themselves, then sobered. The severity of the situation hung over the group like a pall, smothering any attempts at levity.

"What do we do now?" K'lee asked meeting Holena's eyes.

"I don't see why we have a problem," Lela started, "just because you and Holena are cousins. There's only the mating flight and that once won't matter."

"It might," said Holena uneasily, "because we've all seen the horrors that can result from mating too close to the same bloodline. It only



takes once; there's too much of a chance of something going wrong. K'lee and I are too closely related."

Lela could only nod in sympathy.

"Ah, yes," K'lee's voice droned musingly, "Good ol' Lubkind Bay Sea-hold. Remember the time you, Kely and I went searching through the caves on the beach for firelizard eggs?"

"And you got stuck in the crevice?" Holena smiled at the memory. "As I recall, it was Kely's idea that you go in. He was always getting us in trouble. Your father was really angry at you for being wherry-headed enough to crawl in there."

"And we never even thought of blaming it on Kely, the little tunnel-snake." K'lee laughed.

"Yes," she sighed, "You know, I never saw him after your father died and you two and your mother moved to Lemos..." The mention of two more departed loved ones stopped her. Memories of her home were always happy. As much as she loved Fort and her life here, she would occasionally have recurring bouts of homesickness. If it hadn't been for G'rad, she would have found her way back to Lubkind Bay long ago.

She turned to her mate and his eyes, the color of the sea in the shallows, smiled back to her in understanding. Now that she had G'rad; their son Galen, who looked so much like his father, with his clear blue eyes and sandy hair; and her queen Norath, she had a home at Fort.

"Why is it a death will cause so much reminiscing," Lela said with a sad smile. "You'll get me to thinking about my aunt and Ista."

"At least I don't have that problem," G'rad remarked, "I was born and raised right here at Fort."

"And speaking of Fort," K'lee said emphatically, "what are we going to do about the mating flight? I'd like to resolve this problem before it resolves itself, but not necessarily to our liking."

"There's one thing you're not thinking about, K'lee," Holena pointed out. "You're assuming Vegath will fly Norath. Korinth has an equal chance."

K'lee looked up with a start, then smiled sheepishly. "If not a better one. Norath may prefer Korinth, as they have mated before."

"So true," said G'rad, carefully avoiding K'lee's glance.

"Whatever happens, Lela is the only one not directly involved in the flight," the Weyrwoman noted as she turned to her. "When the flight starts, you must be with K'lee. Should Vegath fly Norath, G'rad should have enough wits about him that you and he can separate K'lee and me. Should Korinth fly her, you'll need to be here to comfort K'lee."

K'lee raised an eyebrow, a smile playing about his face. Lela slapped at him again, smiling herself.

"I'm afraid it will all be on your shoulders, Lela," the Weyrwoman continued, "You'll be the only one with enough wits about you to control the situation."

"Oh, dear," Lela said quietly, gazing at the smiling faces around the table.

K'lee plucked a mug from the tray. "I think I'm ready for that wine now."

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When Kyri woke, the sun was barely over the horizon. There was a moment of disorientation; she felt sure it must be mid-morning. Then she remembered that she was at Fort Weyr, where the sun rose several hours later than at home. Had she not had a late night, she would have been up long before now, just out of habit.



This was the morning she was to breakfast with the Weyrleaders, to tell of her work in the South. She jumped from her bed, the icy stone floor bringing her awake instantly. She washed her face in the water left on the press for her, then slipped into her clothes. A final inspection and she deemed herself ready for people. She lifted the door covering and stepped into the corridor. She had barely taken three steps when a voice spoke from behind her. "Good morning, Kyri."

She turned. Leaning against her doorway was a short, thin young man, a few years her junior, with black hair, dark eyes, and an impish grin.

"Good morning," he repeated, offering his hand as he stepped up to her. "I'm L'ran, Lord Holder of Miridon and rider of bronze Lanarth."

Kyri's mouth opened in surprise as her eyes dropped to the knot on his shoulder, then she remembered to curtsy. "Forgive me, Lord L'ran."

"Forget all that," L'ran said as he pulled her up. "Miridon is very small and we don't do much bowing and scraping." He laughed. "I would have to plow my own fields, if I were much of one for farming."

"Yes, Lord L'ran," Kyri answered, smiling at the jovial Lord Holder.

"I'm to be your escort to breakfast. And please, call me 'L'ran'."

"Yes, L'ran." She placed her hand through his arm. He led her down the stairs and through the dining hall, where clumps of riders sat about the tables, in varying stages of breakfast. As they passed one group, a rider called out. "Whatcha got now, L'ran?"

"This is Kyri, Journeywoman Archivist from Southern," L'ran offered proudly.

Bass voices murmured greetings as she nodded. She noticed T'grall, Weyrleader of Kieres at the opposite end, feet propped on the table and reared back in his seat.

"Good morning, Weyrleader," she called to the familiar face. "Are you here to breakfast with K'lee this morning?"

"No, no," T'grall answered as he dropped his feet to the floor.

"They needed some help delivering fruit, so I offered. No time for K'lee this morning."

"Come on, Kyri," L'ran said as he steered her toward the exit. "Lanarth is waiting to take us up to the Weyrwoman's weyr. We'll make a grand entrance!"

The dragon was waiting patiently, just outside the dining hall. L'ran climbed aboard, pulling Kyri up after him to settle on the young bronze's neck behind his rider. With a leap, Lanarth was in the air and turning about the Weyr. Kyri realized that L'ran was as much showing off his dragon as providing transportation.

After a couple more circuits, Lanarth settled gently on the ledge outside the queen's weyr. L'ran lowered her to the ledge, then leaped off. He started ahead of her for the weyr, then remembered his duty and ran back, grabbing her hand and dragging her inside.

"Are we late?" he called as he entered the dim coolness.

"Just in time," Lela said, helping Holena place the food on the table, "Come in and have a seat."

L'ran seated himself in his usual place when dining with the Weyrleaders. G'rad politely gestured Kyri to the place next to L'ran and the rest sat down to the lavish spread.

There were bowls of hot cereal placed before each of them, spicy steam rising above them. There were plates piled with cheese, meat and bread. In the center of the table was a large bowl of fruit, still cool from their recent pass between. There was a quiet busyness around the table as each added sweetening to their cereal and began nibbling at the other foods. As they settled down to eat, Holena turned to Kyri.



"So tell us, Kyri, what have you found in the way of records?" she asked between bites. "Lela said something about hides in a cave."

Kyri swallowed quickly. "Some children from Southern Hold found a cache of the Ancient Timers' records in a cave near the Hold. Their contents are not unusual; births, deaths, Hatchings and the like. They're unusual in the fact that they're not on the thin metal sheets of the like we've found before, but on well preserved hides; amazingly well preserved."

"Interesting," Holena mused. "Is it possible to duplicate the preserving process? I was thinking about those old hides we have. They're fading faster than we can recopy them on pulp sheets."

"That's what we eventually hope to do. It's the main reason I've come to see the Master Archivist."

"I'd love to see them sometime--and the cave--but it's so busy around here. I've been wanting to go down and see Jillian, but we just can't find the time. The way things are now, we may never get to. Right, Babe?"

Holena turned to her Weyrmate, expecting a smile, but was greeted by a glaze-eyed expression. "G'rad?" she asked with a slight tinge of fear, "What's wrong?" She noticed K'lee was similarly entranced. "K'lee? What is it?"

"It's the bronzes," K'lee answered hoarsely, his eyes glazed and far-seeing, "They're bleeding their kills."

"What?!" Holena's face showed shock and surprise. "They can't be! It's too soon!" Holena's mind reached out to her dragon and recognized the restless sleeping pattern. Norath would be waking soon.

"What is it?" Kyri asked, confused. "Are they ill?"

Lela realized Kyri had no inkling of what was happening. "No, dear. Norath is about to rise to mate. The bronzes blood their kill in preparation for the flight."

"Oh," Kyri looked at the two bronzeriders with amazement. "Should I leave?"

"It would be best." Lela smiled, "L'ran, take Kyri back down and tell the others."

"Yes, Lela," he said, eyes twinkling with excitement. "But I'm sure the others have noticed the bronzes." He grabbed Kyri's hand. "Com'mon, Kyri."

Holena wrung her hands nervously, looking at the two figures seated at the table. "It's just too soon! Norath hasn't shown the first sign of rising until now."

"It's Kieth and Catrin's deaths yesterday," Lela speculated soberly, "It was bound to upset things."

Holena was about to comment when she felt Norath come awake. She reached out to her and found the dragon's thoughts savage and cross. Holena started to go to her, then saw a flash of gold as the queen fairly burst from the weyr, hurling herself toward the feeding grounds.

Holena hurried out to the ledge to see Norath circle the grounds. She felt G'rad's strong hand grasp her arm from behind. "Remember last time," he almost whispered, "Control her, don't let her gorge."

Holena was now caught up in Norath's emotions, mentally with her. Holena/Norath felt the jar as they pounced ferociously on the beast. They felt the satisfying snap and crunch of bone as their huge jaws snapped the neck; the hot blood flowing into their mouth and down their throat. They ripped the carcass and threw it aside, overwhelmed by the gnawing hunger in their gut, and angry that they couldn't consume the enticing entrails. They leaped into the air and attacked the next one.

Lela had followed Holena out to the ledge, looking in horrid fascination between Holena and Norath. The link between dragon and rider was



so total that Holena mimicked the motions of her queen, jaws snapping and gnashing.

On the grounds, Norath threw the beast away from her. She spread her wings and stretched her neck high into the air, her skin glowing like molten metal. Simultaneously, queen and rider cried out and the dragon leaped into the air. Across the grounds, three bronze flew after her.

Three? thought Lela, who's the third?

From inside, Lela heard the sound of someone coming up the step from the weyr and Kyri's voice saying, "No! You can't go in there!" A tall, muscular man struggled into the room with Kyri attached, trying feebly to hold him back. Kyri lost her grip on the rider's jacket and fell to the floor as the rider walked past and out to the ledge. "I'm sorry, Lela," she wailed, "I tried to stop him, but he wouldn't listen!"

Lela recognized T'grall, making the third bronze Brenth. "Never mind, he couldn't help himself. I just hope Phalene won't be too upset if his Brenth flies Norath."

"I'm sorry. I'll just leave." She started toward the stairs.

"No, wait. You'll have to take care of T'grall."

Kyri thought for a moment, mentally reviewing what little she had heard about mating flights. "Is there some wine around here?"

"There on the shelf," Lela said, pointing out two wineskins. "You had better hope it will calm him."

"Oh. What!?" Kyri exclaimed when it dawned on her what the Headwoman implied. "Lela! I can't!"

"I'm afraid you may have to." Lela smiled sympathetically. She could remember when the ways of the Weyrfolk shocked her, too. "It's too late to call anyone else and I can't handle both him and K'lee myself. We can't have Phalene and her gold here during the flight. Taleth is close to rising herself." Lela shuddered at the thought.

Kyri looked at Lela fearfully, then sighed resignedly. "All right. What do I do?"

"When I give the word, grab a wineskin and take T'grall in--ah," she looked around the weyr, "--to the records room. Unless his Brenth should fly Norath, then you'll watch after G'rad." Lela's eyes rolled heavenward. "Sorry, Phalene."

There was a cry from the ledge. "Oh, shells!" she cursed uncharacteristically, "What now?" She ran out to ledge with Kyri close behind.

G'rad called out again. Lela snatched at his tunic and turned him in time to keep him from stepping off the huge ledge. His face showed an almost unbearable agony.

"What is it, G'rad?" Lela asked.

"He's falling back! He's letting him fly her!"

The other three were milling about the ledge, close to the same formation their dragons were flying. "Kyri!" called Lela, "Help me get them inside." She pushed G'rad through the entrance and went back for Holena, hoping the others would follow.

Inside the weyr, the bronze riders clustered around the Weyrwoman, as if battling for position. Suddenly, K'lee leaped, grappling Holena.

"G'rad, get Holena!" Lela cried, grabbing for K'lee's arm. "Now, Kyri!"

"Now?"

"Yes! Now!"

Kyri grabbed the wineskin from the shelf and led T'grall to the Record room, hoping fervently that he wouldn't take advantage of the situation.



High above the Weyr, K'lee/Vegath flew up under Holena/Norath, then rose quickly into her wing. She faltered. Taking advantage of her imbalance, he dropped on her, fouling her wings in his and twining his neck and tail with hers. Locked together in K'lee/Vegath's powerful grip, they glided downward.

"It was a nice flight, wasn't it?" K'lee said as he smiled at Lela.

"Never touched it," Kyri answered, never breaking her longing gaze at the rider. "I didn't get a chance to offer any wine."

They stood with him. Their attention was drawn to a commotion at the entrance to the dining hall. Phalene, rider of gold Taleth and Weyrwoman of Kieres Weyr strode rapidly across the room to the table, pausing beside her Weyrleader.

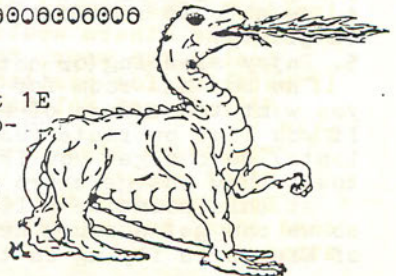
"Indeed," K'lee remarked, having similar difficulties concealing his mirth.

"Hello, T'grall," she growled, a tint of menace in her voice and murder in her eye.

"We'll discuss it when we get home." She put on a smile and turned to the others. "It's really nice to see you all, but we really have to go. Come see us!" She grabbed T'grall by the ear. "Bye!" she called, dragging the wincing Weyrleader after her.

[illegible]

BOS editor, Mira (brown Brenth's rider) aka Melissa Limbacher (c/o Klein, 65 Nagle Ave. Apt 1E New York City, NY 10040) is looking for contributions for the Lost Winds Tower/Segel Weyr nl. They print any kind of quality f/sf stories, poems, filks, art, (even a ST:TWOK trivia quiz) or whatever. Deadline for BOS 16 is July 15. If you aren't that creative they have an extensive letter column. Lend 'em a hand, okay?





# CONVENTIONS

This issue's con listings are mostly from the SF CONVENTION GUIDE, a bi-monthly nl you can subscribe to for \$5 per year (6 issues). They also want con news and short reviews, B&W photos, cartoons, artwork, letters, ads (starting at \$10 for 6"x4"), and club news. This is done by the people who run TKGraphics, and very well done. Write them at: SF CONVENTION GUIDE, PO Box 22525, Baltimore, MD 21203.

KEY: %%-flyer available ##-Harperhall Huckster table !! !!-Fort members names between these are attending.

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VALCON 1 (SF) \*June 10-12\* Valparaiso Univ, IN. Info: 190 NW Hills Dr., Valparaiso, IN 46383  
 X-CON 7 (SF) \*June 10-12\* Oconomowoc, WI. Info: Box 7, Milwaukee, WI 53201  
 SPACE TREK II (ST) \*June 24-26\* St. Louis, MO. Info: 5046 S. 37th St., St. Louis, MO 63116 %%  
 INCONJUNCTION 3 (SF) \*July 1-3\* Indpls, IN. Info: Box 24403, Indianapolis, IN 46446 %% !!Kyri, ~~Kyri~~, G'tan, D'ten!! GoH The deCamps  
 ARCON 7 (SF) \*July 8-10\* St. Louis, MO. Info: Box 15852, Overland, MO  
 RIVERCON 8 \*July 15-17\* Louisville, KY. %% ## !!Holena, Morvenna, G'tan, Klee Jenna, T'mar, Fedon, others!! GoH L. Sprague & Catherine Crook de Camp, Info: Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40208  
 PANOPTICON WEST (Dr. Who) \*July 22-24\* Columbus, OH. Info: Box 2583, Columbus, OH 43216  
 FORT FEST \*July 23-24\* Lynnville, IN. Price goes up July 1st!  
 DETROIT CREATION (Media) \*Aug 6-7\* Dearborn, MI. Info: Box 7155, Garden City, NY 11530  
 STARSHIP CINCINNATI \*Aug 6-7\* Fort Mitchell, KY %%  
 WINDYCON 10 (SF) \*Oct 7-9\* Chicago, IL  
 EARTHCON \*Oct 7-10\* Cleveland, OH. GoH: MZBradley, K. Kurtz, J. Lichtenberg, J. Lorrach %%  
 WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION \*Oct 28-30\* Chicago, IL.  
 1984 ISTACON \*Mar 30-Apr 1\* Atlanta, GA. GoH Anne McCaffrey, Micheal Whelan, lots more. %% !!Harperhall & co. on a bus!! see below.

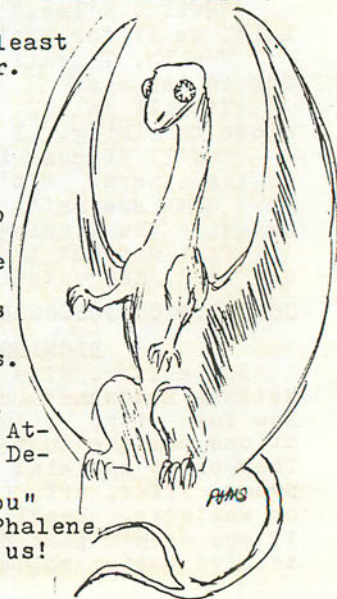
+++++ISTACON BUS TRIP+++++

The Harperhall (Evansville, IN) is looking for at least 35 people to fill a bus bound for Istacon next year. These people must meet the following to join:  
 1. Be ready to leave Evansville by 11pm, Thurs. Mar 29, and be free to return as late as pre-dawn Monday morning.

2. Pay no more than \$35 for a seat before we leave (if enough aren't paid for in advance we'll have to cancel the bus or drastically raise the price.)
3. Have your own transportation to and from E'ville (carpooling is good)
4. Be able to restrict luggage to a minimum (2 bags is plenty)
5. Enjoy sleeping (or not!) on a bus for 8 to 10 hrs.

The bus has room for 47 bodies, no more, so if you want to be sure of a seat, say something early. If you live on route (US 41 to Nashville and on to Atlanta) we can get you IF we stay near the highway. Detours they charge extra for.

At this point we'd like an "I plan to go with you" so we can get a rough head/seat count. Weyrwoman Phalene of Kieres is flying in to ride down with us. Join us!





## F O R T F E S T U P D A T E

This is the last issue before the event in July. So far registration is low, and some who've verbally committed themselves to come have yet to back it up with a registration card and \$\$\$. So, looks like this will be an intimate, folksy gather of 50 or less.

If you haven't registered yet, why? Lost your card? We'll send you a new one. Don't have a tent? We'll find you a place to sleep (who sleep?!). Another problem? Just ask!

K'lee and I would like to set aside some time to discuss Fort Weyr business and future projects, say around the campfire. This is your Weyr, and you have a say in it.

How would you like to, just for a while, be totally in character, leaving your mundane self in the tent? Dress up in your Pernese finest and do the things we've only read about. There are two greetings demonstrated in the books: one is between riders, as equals--grabbing the forearm-- as F'nor did Jaxom (White Dragon, around p. 23), and the formal one Menolly did with Pona in Dragonsinger (p. 66 or so), sort of a genteel "gimme five." Of course, there are bows and curtsies to superiors, but Fort's Weyrleaders are on the informal, casual side, so don't bother.

Additional costume notes: Girls can of course, wear trousers, instead of skirts. Crafter's badges will be available at the Fest, but it's safer to order in advance. Rank knots are now available (see p.20) for Holders, Masters & Wing officers. Types of clothes mentioned in the books are: jerkins, jackets, tunics, tabards, loose robes (on men at the Igen gather in Dragondrums), cloaks for riding & flying, trousers--baggy or tight, vests, boots, slippers, scarves, shawls, shirts, belts or sashes, jewelry (especially for holders), waist pouch (for marks & stuff).

As to women's hair, it can be worn loose; braided; held in a headband, intricate net, thong or clip; tied back; or covered with a scarf. Just about anyway you like it is acceptable.

NOTICES-- 1. Rhemuth will not exactly be in attendance. Our wonderful weather has made it impossible to get out and work on weekends (Rain, 10+ straight), so we will try to provide a lifesize sketch.

2. If there isn't enough interest in a planned event, we'll skip it. I got the feeling this is going to be REAL laid-back. Meat-rolls (as entries or just to share), as well as other food is still welcomed for the post-Hatching buffet. There will be a Hatching. The left-over eggs will be offered in HB9 to likely candidates. More on that next issue.

Speaking of next issue, Fort Fest will likely dominate it (along with picking on L'ran) and could be just a bit late. Those of you who can't come can experience the fun by reading HB9 (and no mosquitoes!).

#####

ON ANNE McCaffrey

\*Anne McCaffrey outsang me a dozen times without ever telling me she was operatically-trained.

\*Anne McCaffrey is the sexiest white-haired lady who ever lived.

\*I haven't seen Anne for over ten years and my life had been filled with on particularly empty spot as a result.

by Isaac Asimov



S.C./WW Record (cont)

D'ten and J'n'an were on security duty, I think. We talked mostly about Perndom, Fort in particular, rather than the books, and passed out flyers. Our scheduled 1 hr. panel started late (due to 2 missing Harpers) and ran 90 mins. C'tryn read "Hatchings" from HB5 and the Harpers sang a bit. I taped the panel so K'lee would know what we said about him.

AND I met some people from the Lost Weyr. The legends are becoming facts. They have been on & off lately, experiencing changes in leadership & policy. Most of the members met at a con (MediaWest, I believe) while we were at Altercon. I got an address to contact (NOT Joanne Papin) & see how the meeting went & what Lost Weyr's future is. Wish them well.

Let me encourage you to PLEASE fill out and send in the data form (between pp 12 & 13) and <sup>pass</sup>a copy on if you can. It's for our own good.

Unofficial opinion poll time: How do YOU feel about territories/borders? As you will read on p 21, your Weyr Council has a problem. How do you feel about it? Is it necessary for us to have a certain area to recruit and serve (keeping in mind that all Weyrs take members outside & anyone can join as many as they can afford, no restriction)? How would you like it if a big group popped up in, say, Ohio, and claimed rights to all Fort's members there, as well as several states around it? The topic for you to address is: "Borders--how important are they & why do/don't we need them. Write K'lee or me with your thoughts. All of Perndom appreciates it.

COOKS!!! K'lee has gotten us into competition with Kieres to see who can deliver the most recipes! Right now we are barely ahead, BUT their headwoman hasn't delivered her big stack yet, so scan your book and hit up the old folks for Pernese recipes and get them to K'lee pronto! Our honor is at steak stake!!!

The message in the border of the McCaffrey birthday issue (4/1) was "April Fools." Enough for now. -Holena.

# # # # #  
ROSTER UPDATE

WANTED!

JACKIE GROSS  
29 Franklin Place  
Montclair, NJ 07042

NANCI FALLEY  
Route 1 Box 64  
Lockhart, TX 78644

Theresa Sorrell,  
3500 Holiday Ave NE  
Albuquerque, NM 87111  
(Maevae of Willow Hills)

Marion & Tom Szebenyi  
176 Jackson Hollow Rd  
Newfield, NY 14867  
(From Benden Freehold)

Laura Parkinson  
409 West Vine  
Oxford, OH 45056  
(Sharra Sela, fl green  
Triss, Harper)

James Dunaway  
Box 1209  
APO San Francisco, CA  
96264 (J'mes, bronze  
Spirenth (Darkoven))

Lanthrax of Miridon  
Hold and no known  
mundane identity

New addition! G'il's  
baby arrived on May 8,  
6lb.3oz., 18½", named  
Roy Robert Goodhand.  
Welcome!

Emily Alward  
621 Waldron St.  
W. Lafayette, IN 47906

Mira of Segel is at: Melissa  
Limbacher, c/o Klein, 65 Nagel  
Ave. Apt.1E, NYC, NY 10040



If anyone recognises  
the above rider, con-  
tact Holena. An 8X11  
of him can be claimed.



CADENZA by G'tan

I was bellowing from the moment we came out above Fort's deep bowl. It was nighttime, and just a little chilly yet--the way springtime is before it decides to finally settle down and be summer. Kesmeth caught a slight updraft and started our slow descent, trying hard not to wince as I caterwauled my joy. //G'tan, please--the others are trying to sleep!//

"I don't care!" I told him. My gitar had lost its tune somewhere between. I made a nasty face, but didn't stop singing as I argued it into tune. "Come on," I said, kicking him fondly in the neck. "Swoop me by Catrin's weyr--I want to tell her the good news!"

//The Weyrwoman will be asleep,// Kesmeth said after a very long pause. //Go there in the morning.//

"I want to go now," I complained petulantly. A bottle of Benden, split between myself and the Masterharper, and I was slightly higher than the sky. I was in no mood to argue conduct with a melancholy dragon. Besides, the heavy blue stone around my neck was making me feel just a tad over-important that night. "Now take me down there. Right now."

//Please, G'tan...// Ye gads; did he actually sound reluctant?  
//Let's go home?//

"Kesmeth..."

He didn't argue any further, just dipped one long wing down a notch, and carefully changed our course.

I had quieted my singing somewhat by the time we settled onto the queen's ledge. There was no bugled welcome from Kieth, and no Catrin running out to greet me, so I guessed that I hadn't dragged them out of dreamland after all. Which was fine; I wanted to surprise Catrin. I mean, how often is she going to have a Harper Master come traipsing into her sleeping chambers at the Egg-knows-what-o'clock-in-the-morning? Kesmeth made one last attempt to talk sense into me (Gawd, how I hate pragmatic dragons!), but I blithely ignored him and made my way inside.

It was dark; I didn't bother unhooding the glows. I know my way around well enough. I tiptoed past the queen's weyr, sparing only a glance at the big, gold blob huddled within. The queen breathed in quiet repose, oblivious to everything that was going on. Across the hollow chamber was Catrin's bed, an equally oblivious Weyrwoman curled up amongst the pillows there. Pulling my newly-acquired pendant into view from inside my shirt, I lowered myself down next to her and whispered: "What would you say to an evening of wild passion with a newly ordained Master?"

She made a little, startled sound as I slipped my arms around her. I echoed her about two seconds later: Ooops--that's not my lady's waist! I scrambled out of bed quickly, trying to pull my wits together enough to spit out a reasonable explanation.

"G'tan?" a fuzzy voice asked.

I frowned. "Holena?" Glaring over my shoulder at the weyr entrance, I shouted, "I meant the senior queen's weyr, you wherry brain!" Norath grumbled something irritably from her sleep.

Holena pulled the hood from the glowbasket above her head as she sat up. Her hair was tousled, her face still puffy with sleep. I kept expecting her to reach up and push her hair out of her eyes, but she didn't. She just kept staring at me, her eyes round and black in the dim light. "You just got back from the Harperhall, didn't you?" she asked finally.



I nodded. "See?" I dangled my pendant in front of my own face. "They didn't want to yell at me after all! They wanted to do nice things this time!" When she only kept staring, I added, "I'm sorry I woke you up."

"...oh dear..."

I'm dense, but not that dense. "Holena," I said softly, moving toward her, "what's wrong? Are you all right?" I never know what to say to women who look like they're in shock. Usually if you hug them and tell them that everything's okay it works pretty well. But I was already counting my lucky stars that Holena's weyrmate wasn't around, and I wasn't intending to push it.

She made the first move by reaching up to take my hands. "Has anybody been in touch with you? Contacted you about anything at all?"

I shook my head, feeling stupid.

"You mean since I left the Weyr? No... Why?" Something cold and dark blossomed inside my stomach. "What happened?" Oh dear Lord...! "Where's Catrin?" Because suddenly I realized that this was Catrin's weyr.

Holena's eyes were wide, swimming in dark tears. "Oh, G'tan..." she whispered. "I'm so sorry! ...Catrin died..."

I didn't say anything. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to say. So I didn't say anything at all.

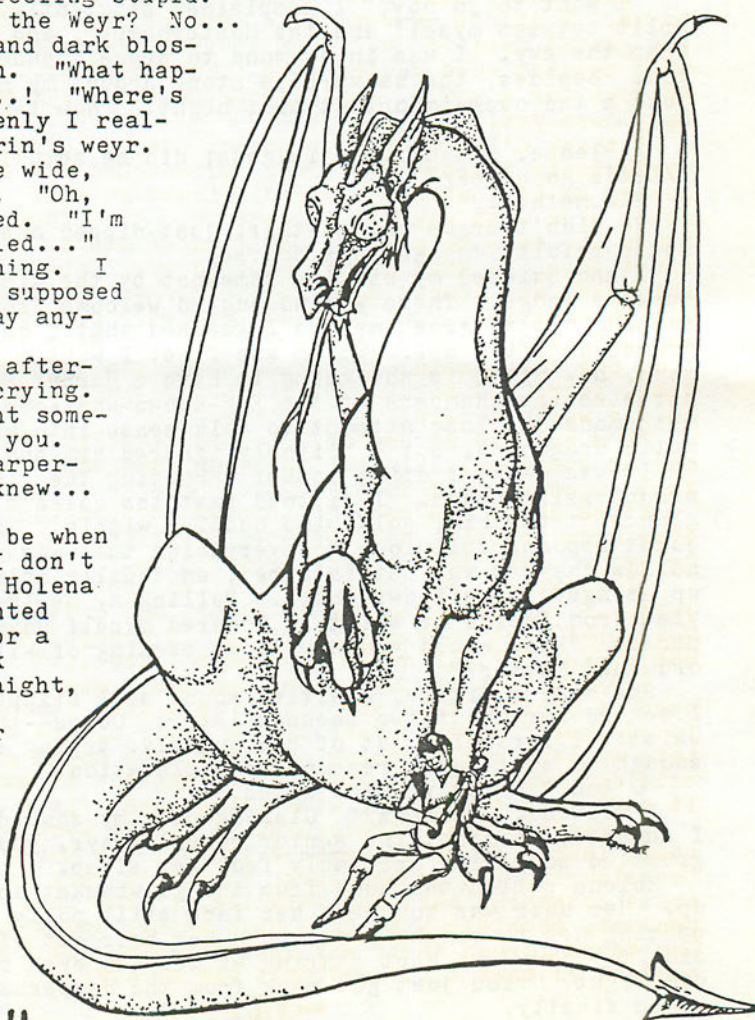
"It was yesterday afternoon," she rushed on, crying. "Oh, heavens, we thought somebody got in touch with you. Word was sent to the Harper-hall! We thought you knew... I'm so sorry..."

I think that must be when I walked out, because I don't remember anything with Holena after that. I just wanted to go away and think for a while, and Kesmeth took me there. We flew straight, no betweening.

And somewhere over Southern, I broke the chain on the Master's pendant, and dropped it into the sea.

# # #

(cont. on next page)





It was K'lee who found me. Even though the Weyrleader and I have never been the best of friends, I was a bit glad for the human company. Kesmeth was with me, in a way; he sat soberly out on the sunny beach, while I preferred the damp, dark shadows of the trees. I don't know whether he was as upset as I was (I have no idea how well he and Kieth got along), or whether he simply sensed that there was nothing I wanted to talk about. Either way, he left me alone, except for the knowledge that he was nearby. That knowledge helped. But not much.

So when K'lee's bronze Vegath waddled to sit near Kesmeth, I made no effort to keep the Weyrleader from finding me. I had a pretty good idea what kind of shape he and Vegath would be in--the kind of shape all the bronze riders would be in for quite some time. And misery loves company, so I waited for him in silence.

"You really should have told someone where you were going," he said to me. I didn't answer as he settled his six-foot-eight-inch frame to the ground next to me. Even sitting, he nearly dwarfed me; but, then, that happens when you're only five foot four. I continued to stare at my toes for a while, wanting him to stay, but not wanting to talk to anybody just yet.

I think K'lee must have known. Maybe Kesmeth told him. He leaned comfortably against his tree, and watched the dragons out on the beach, acting as if I wasn't being difficult at all. "Holena's been practically sick with worry," he went on. "She feels pretty bad about how she broke all this to you..." He glanced at me. "We all do... I'm sorry about this. I thought Holena told you, Holena thought I had..." He shrugged, and looked back at the ocean. It was odd seeing someone like him so contrite. And somewhat broken. I wondered if a queen's dying was something that a bronze rider could ever recover from, not to mention one complicated by the death of the Weyrwoman. For that short time, there was nothing at all separating me and K'lee...and everything in the world drawing us together.

"I'm not mad at anyone," I said finally. "And, at the same time, I'm mad at everyone... I keep thinking that there must have been something that someone could do!"

K'lee shook his head. "There was nothing, G'tan," he said. "We didn't even know anything had happened until Kieth burst out of her weyr to fly between. Even the dragons aren't sure."

"I know..." My voice was muffled against my drawn-up knees. "I just..." My eyes started to sting, and I felt a wild rush of panic. Not here! Not in front of K'lee! I managed to blink back the tears, and sighed. "...I don't know what I feel..."

I don't know if the cooing had been going on for long, but I didn't hear it until I felt the tug at my riding leathers. Looking down, I found myself face-to-face with a small bronze firelizard. It crawled into my lap, still cooing urgently, and moved gently to stuff something cold and wet down the front of my shirt. It succeeded. I was pushing it back onto the ground when K'lee said, "It's Sethet..."

Catrin's bronze firelizard. I didn't look at it. Instead, I fished about inside my shirt until I located the thing it had brought for me (considering the temperature, it wasn't very hard). Closing my hand about something hard and metallic, I drew into view a gold filigreed pendant, complete with deep blue stone, and a tangle of gold chain. The tears forced their way upward again, and I kept staring down at the pendant so that K'lee wouldn't see me cry.



//Sethet has been gone since she died,// Kesmeth told me. //Every-  
one at the Weyr thought he'd gone wild... He's come back now to give  
that to you...//

//Somebody gave it to me already,// I said. //And I don't want it  
anymore. It doesn't mean anything.//

//It does,// Kesmeth said. He was quiet for a long time, then:  
//She'd want you to have it, G'tan. You know that's true. She wouldn't  
want you to stop being G'tan, just because she isn't here.//

I almost threw it then, wanting that dark blue stone away from me  
more than almost anything else in the world. Catrin's eyes had been  
blue. And a stone like this had never been hers.

//G'tan...I knew...//

I brought my head up sharply. "What?" K'lee glanced at me, then at  
the dragons on the beach, and said nothing. Kesmeth was silhouetted  
against the lagoon, with the sun setting across the water behind him  
and Vegath.

//There is...something...between a queen dragon and the rest of us,//  
Kesmeth tried to explain. //Without knowing, we know what she feels,  
where she is... The queen cares a great deal for all of us, not just  
the one who catches her.//

...for all of us... Somewhere, something deep inside told me that  
Kesmeth didn't mean all of the dragons in the Weyr. And yet, 'all of  
us...'? I watched him for a time, standing next to Vegath. A bronze  
and a brown, decked out in riding gear, and waiting in the fading sun  
for their riders to finish with a private tete-a-tete in which they  
should have no part. A brown that struck the same proud silhouette as  
his companion, half as tall again as a man, and many times as long.  
And a bronze that was only recognizable as such by the orange glints  
that the sun threw off his back.

Kesmeth raised himself up to his full, unabashed stature: his shoul-  
der was only a hand's-breadth below Vegath's.

//I'd have flown for her,// he told me simply. //Vegath and K'lee  
know--next time, Kieth might have been mine.//

I thought about Catrin, and I knew that Kesmeth was right. But now  
all of that was one big 'might have been.' I was left with nothing but  
a heavy gold pendant, and bronze fireliard that was cooing softly in my  
lap.

"Take a lesson from the dragons." K'lee said. I looked at him, and  
he clapped me on the shoulder with clumsy affection. "They can only  
see the past as something that used to be. They know what the present  
is--it's now, it's what happens, it's what they understand. And the  
future is something that they know is going to happen eventually, but  
which they don't bother to worry about." An uncharacteristic serious-  
ness creased his face. "Nobody can change the way things happen," he  
said. "All we can do is kick our dragons into the sky..." He reached  
out to close my hand around the Master's pendant. "...and hang on to  
what is, and not what used to be..."

I stared down at the pendant, and thought about what it meant I was,  
and what it said of what I used to be. Then K'lee closed a hand about  
my shoulder, and urged me to my feet. "Come along, Master G'tan," he  
said, trying hard to sound light. "It is time for dinner just now, and  
there are many people at the Weyr who are anxious to congratulate the  
newest Harper Master!"



## EGG HUNT RESULTS

Eggsasperated trying to eggscavate eggssactly 18 eggs from last ish's Easter egg hunt? Well, below is the whole list and lucky (?) ones who Impressed them.

- ```

1. p2 "subscription eggstention" GOLD to Lady Tariya of Gar, who was
the only one to find ALL 18!
2. p2 "organization eggssisting" BRONZE
3. p2 WORDS "The Egg bless" BRONZE Katryn (Kathy Agel) got him
4. p4 ROARS "everyone eggcept" BLUE To Tarin (Jackie Gross)
5. p5 HATCHING "The egg rocked" BLUE TO Therra (Julie Hines)
6. p5 HATCHING "me eggspectantly" BROWN To M'kil (Michael Sherman)
7. p6 DRAWING "are eggssamples" BLUE
8. p6 DRAWING "nose (DF) eggcept" GREEN
9. p9 MHR "mass eggsodus" BROWN
10. p13 WHtF "know eggs don't" BLUE
11. p14 SKIP "wherry eggs. I" BROWN
12. p14 SKIP "wherry eggs! However" BROWN
13. p14 TALETH "she eggssist" BRONZE
14. p15 ZEEIR "My egg was" GREEN To G'il (Gail Goodhand, for the baby)
15. p15 ZEEIR "my egg was" GREEN Another for Katryn (brave soul)
16. p15 ZEEIR "My egg was" GREEN
17. p15 ZEEIR "one egg left" BROWN
18. p15 ZEEIR "our eggs from" BLUE

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## ASSORTED ZINES

Fort Weyr is publishing Portfolio, a Pern fanzine. We need stories, persona stories, games and puzzles, and lots and lots of illos. Estimated length is 50 to 75 pages. Deadline for tribs is August 15, 1983. Planned publication date is Oct. 1983. Get your tribs in early, so we can meet our pub date. (Can anyone draw Judson Scott?? -Holena.)

For those of you who are interested in Katherine Kurtz and her Deryni stories, the Deryni Archives is a fanzine for you. There are currently nine issues in print, the entire package (#1-9) are \$19.00. Issues #1 thru 8 are available for \$2.00 each, #9 is \$3.00. To order, send check or money order and SASE (for notification of DA #10) to:

Caer Deryni Publications  
c/o Katherine Kurtz  
8840 Wheatland Place  
Sun Valley, CA 91356

\* \* \* \* \*

Dragonflame Press is announcing the publication of two one-time zines. The first is the Fantasy Art and Filksong Dreambook. Filks, Fantasy art and poetry. The second is the Costume Design and Personae Portfolio. Costume designs and accessories in the catagories of fantasy, medieval, modern, futuristic or alien. Also persona stories from many different universes. For more info on these pubs, send SASE to: Dragonflame Press Specialists, 701 Pheasant Trail, Pistakee Highlands, McHenry, IL 60050

Dragonflame also pub's Dragonlore, whose first issue was dedicated to McC with a 23 page dragondex. It, and issues #2 (fantasy & Elfquest) & #3 (features P. Eisenstein), are \$7.00 each. Then there is Catina Workshop, which deals with costumes: cloaks, capes, hairstyles, life-masks, easy chainmail, aliens, photos, and more. Issue #5 came out this spring. For these two write: DRAGONFLAME PRESS, same address as above,



## MIRIDON HOLD REPORT #2 PART 2

Well hello! This is a continuation of April's Miridon Hold report. Yes, K'ell is still in for some of Miridon-type hospitality. This report is not written by Lanarth, unfortunately. (He was last reported as sun-bathing around the Bahamas.) So you are stuck with me another issue. K'ell will be overjoyed to note he is leaving Miridon at the end of this. The exciting saga continues when....

L'ran and K'ell walked for some time in Miridon's corridors.

"Uhh... Where are we goin' L'ran?" wondered K'ell.

"I dunno! I wuz followin' you!" was his reply. "Oh boy, we's is lost! I've never been lost before! What do ya do when you are lost, K'ell? An adventure! Just what I wanted!" Within the hour K'ell managed to find his way out. Immediately, L'ran was called because Kallor's bubble bath bottle broke.

"Ooooooh boy! Wanna come K'ell? The bubbles are all over the hallway! Last time I played hide-and-seek inside the bubbles. It's a lot of fun. Wanna come? Huh?"

"Ahh, no thanks. I think I'll go outside for some air." //I gotta get out of here!// he wailed. Several yards outside the Hold a lasso twirled around his torso.

When K'ell finally decided to open his eyes he was treated (??) to the sight of a six foot seven inch tall woman with brown hair, wearing a chain-mail bikini. He also noticed a long, well-muscled leg on his chest. He followed the leg up to the face. The face was the same type that launched a thousand ships. The splinters and oarmarks were still present.

"Oh goody! Caught anodder one!" squealed the amazon. "My, you's is the best specimen of male flesh my pooh eyes have seen in a long time! In this Hold there is only L'ran and Locat. Youse is a nice change from scrawny male flesh." K'ell blushed so hard it made G'tan's blushes seem like an attack of albinism. "My, yuh come in technicolor, too. Ya got a Dolby sound system? You is real cute in red but you'd be absolutely irresistible in light blue! I'm going to take you home with me!" she said with a bawdy wink. She knelt down and ran her fingers through his hair. "Ahh, ya poor thing! You're all hot and sweaty! Let me unlace your tunic a bit," she said with another bawdy wink.

"N-n-n-noooooo," K'ell croaked.

"Oh, I get it!" she said with another bawdy wink.

Wanna let me in on it, he thought.

"Hi, Tsen!" came a disgustingly bubbly empty-head-type voice.

//L'ran!// thought K'ell.

"Hiya, Lord Holder," drawled Tsenloran.

"How's herding and holding?" bubbled the greatest airhead ever born.

"Fine."

"Ahh, L'ran..." croaked K'ell.

"AAAAHHHHCCCKKK! The grass is alive!" screamed L'ran as he jumped on top of Tsen. "Can I look now?" he queried as he peered from her hair.

"Oh! It's you, K'ell," he said as he jumped off Tsen. "Silly me!" he giggled. "How ya doin'?" Tied up I see! HAHAAHA," he laughed. "Hmm. Tsen, you're really going to have to let him go," he said, becoming serious. "D'ten likes him and I don't want D'ten mad at me."

"Finders keepers, losers weepers. Nah nah na boo boo."

"Sorry, K'ell, I tried," he shrugged.

"Wait, you can't leave me here!"

"Tsen, please!"

"Finders keepers..."



"...losers weepers nahnah na boo boo!" they chanted together! "Ha ha ha!"

"L'ran!"

"Okay, I'll flip a mark for him!"

"Okay. Heads I win, tails you lose!"

"Fair!" cried L'ran. They flipped it. "Sorry, K'ell. I tried. Oh, don't look at me that way. Oh, um, I'll try again. Tsen, you know bronze rider D'ten is going to come for him, don't you? D'ten will ask down golds Kieth and Norath and K'lee will come for the fun of it. And if K'lee comes Lela's Calth will come, and G'tan and Arawen will come for the ride. And all of them will be HUNGRY!" Being the herder she was, Tsen promptly released K'ell. As they walked to the Hold L'ran apologized, "Sorry about that, K'ell."

"That's okay," sarcastically shot K'ell.

"Gee, what a friend."

//Moron!// As they went under the doorway they heard a cry from the ceiling.

"Blood makes the floor shine! KILL! KILL! KILL!" A body shot off the ceiling, falling neatly behind L'ran. In the boy's hands were two wherry claws covered with Calli's cooking (poison). L'ran and K'ell walked nonchalantly past as Verrin fell neatly on the floor.

"Losing your touch, Verrin," bubbled L'ran. "Get some practice and try again tomorrow. Psychotic murderers can't make boo boos."

"Hokay."

//There's just been an attempt on my life and L'ran is giving him pointers.//

"...you gotta fall at a 45 degree angle, okay? And the wherry claws gotta scrape the jugular."

"Danks."

"C'mon, K'ell." They walked on until they reached the kitchen. When they entered they saw Locat brained on the floor and Calli cooking. PING<sup>1</sup>

"Weehell, gawwlee! Gee, Sarge, you shoulda told me we was having company." PING "Food, glorious food! Hot sausage and mustard. While we're in the mood. Gold jelly and custard!"<sup>2</sup>

"Uhh, L'ran, I'd better go."

PING "I'm so glad we had this time together, just to have a laugh or sing a song or two, and even before we've really started, it comes time to say 'So long.'" sang Calli.

"When ya comin' back, K'ell?"

"I don't know," he dodged.

PING "The Shadow does. HAHAAHAHA!"

"See ya, L'ran! Come on, Rhemuth, let's go!"

PING "Hiyo, Silver, away!"

"Uhh, yeah. So long!" said K'ell.

PING "So long, farewell! We'll see you in the morning! Adieu, adieu to you and you and you..." sang Calli.

And with that K'ell went between.

<sup>1</sup> A "PING" indicates a personality change for Calli.

<sup>2</sup> Remember the musical "Oliver"?

Coming in two months... Calli sings Madame Butterfly. Seriously, no more suggestive or slightly suggestive material next story.

I'll leave that for G'tan! SEE YA IN 60! Greg (L'ran) Jao.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this was written—back in Jan, I think—we've lost both Kieth and Tsenloran. Could this be why???? Holena s.c.



# CRAFTERS PAGE

**SHOULDER RANK KNOTS** If you are a Lord Holder, one of his heirs, a minor Holder OR Craft Master or Mastercraftsman, OR Weyrleader, wingleader or wingsecond you are entitled to wear a shoulder knot to show you/ré rank. You can choose from 2 types of knots and 2 different braids (see illos below). Each rank comes in 4 styles. Knots are held on to your tunic or vest with a concealed clutchback pin, and are available in white only (it will look good on whatever you wear!). Arm loops come in 3 lengths: S(30"), M(35"), L(40"). This is the length of the entire circle, not the length it hangs.

When ordering, copy this form:  
 KNOT (A or B)  
 BRAID (X or Y)  
 STYLE (I, II, III, or IV)  
 RANK (1, 2, Or 3)  
 SIZE (S, M, L, S/M, or M/L)  
 PRICE (see chart & postage)  
 (Send to Holena)

Postage, for mail orders is:

RANK 1 - oh, bother!  
 RANK 2 - I'm working on it!  
 RANK 3 -

KNOT A -  
 square  
 knot  
 chain



KNOT B -  
 curled  
 braid



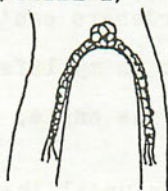
\*RANK 1 (Wing seconds,  
 Lesser Hold Heirs,  
 Minor Holders)

ALL  
 STYLES

\$1

(Membership Dis-  
 count Price 75¢)

/STYLE I/



/STYLE II/



/STYLE III/



/STYLE IV/



\*RANK 2 (Wingleaders, Lord  
 Heirs Apparent, Master-  
 craftsmen)

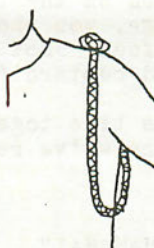
Y Braid--all sizes \$1.50  
 (MDP \$1)

X Braid (MDP)

S \$1.50 (\$1.00)

M \$1.75 (\$1.25)

L \$2.00 (\$1.50)



\*RANK 3 (Weyrleaders, Lord  
 Holders, The Craft Master)

Y Braid S/M \$2.00  
 (MDP \$1.50)

M/L \$2.25

(MDP \$1.75)

X Braid S/M \$2.50

(MDP \$2.00)

M/L \$2.75

(MDP \$2.25)



Y Braid (Simple, 3 strand plat)



(get the idea?)

X Braid (3 strand macrame square knot)





## A P A g e by K'lee

In an ever-increasing drive to Unify Pern fandom, Jillian of Ne'at has suggested to the Weyrleaders that we form an APA to help communicate between Weyrs. The first ish of this APA has made the rounds and we will use this space to report news and views gleaned.

Jillian nominated yours truly as Official Editor for the APA (which I gladly accepted).

The roster for APA #1 is:

|                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Merelan, Weyrwoman of Ista          | Scribe Mistress Mera, ADF         |
| Jillian of Ne'at, NL ed of Ista     | K'lee, Weyrleader of Fort         |
| Elitha, Weyrwoman of Segel          | Holena, Weyrwoman of Fort, NL ed. |
| Mira, NL ed for Segel               | C'tryn from Fort                  |
| Phalene, Weyrwoman of Kieres, NL ed | L'ran of Miridon, asst Weyrs      |
| Gadarra, Headwoman of Kieres        |                                   |

although not all were able to respond this issue.

Mera of the ADF has suggested that each Weyr limit it's regions to 4 or 5 states, due to a case of "territorial bickering." The few who have responded so far are asking, "What bickering?" More on this in later issues.

She also says that the ADF (Association of Dragon Friends) is undergoing reorganization. She would like the ADF to become a "clearinghouse or information center, much like the Star Trek Welcommittee," and publish Wings Over the World (the ADF Newsletter, of three or four issues and holding) as the "educational/scientific/informational publication" for all Pern fandom. No debate on this as yet.

Phalene, Weyrwoman of Kieres is planning on flying into Evansville to ride the bus with the Harperhall Folks in IstaCon (more on this on page 10). She announced the merger of Kieres and Fort's cookbooks, Phalene as Ed. She then gives the other APA members a warning to not let their place on the APA go to their heads, as it should not be a power trip. This is merely a means of good communication between Weyrs. She also confesses that she is only 16! (Aw, how cute!) But she says she is mentally about 25-30. She also asked that each Weyr send her basic info about the Weyr for the "United Weyr Flyer." This contains info on all Weyrs currently participating in this APA. (A copy is enclosed for you).

Elitha, Weyrwoman of Segel, gave us a rundown of Boskone (Feb 18-20) in Boston, MA. She says the motel was only luxury and well suited for a con. The Costume Ball was on Friday, with lots of beautiful costumes. Her personal favorite (and Judge's Choice) was a 5-year-old blonde as Alice in Wonderland. She saw several excellent films, like "Raiders" "ST:II" and "Dragonslayer" (Quiet, Vegath!). Wendy Pini gave a presentation of her pre-"Elfquest" art, and a "Star Wars" presentation and slide show.

Jillian of Ne'at in Ista gives everyone who responded to her APA letter a big thank-you. She asks Mera of ADF "what bickering?" She points out that Ista has 11 states, Fort 10, and Kieres 6 or 7, and no one has yet mentioned any problems. She asks that any groups who are chartering buses to IstaCon and willing to pick up passengers along the way to let her know. She would also like to hear from any harpers who would be willing to perform at the Con.

L'ran of Miridon in Fort would like to set up a Welcommittee to greet new members of the Weyrs. He also assures us that he isn't half as bad as others say. (Have them read MHR and decide for themselves! -H s.c.)

Merelan, Weyrwoman of Ista, gave us a pocket history of Ista (as a club) and a little info on her and her Weyrleader (Husband) L'renz,



bronze Math's rider. She also tells us that Anne mentioned at LunaCon in New York that the next dragonbook is Moreta, Weyrwoman of Pern and has been sent to the publisher for final editing. Estimated publication date is Dec. '83. There is also a Pernese role-playing game to be available this fall. Each player is a Weyrleader and must secure the political allegiance of as many Holds as possible. But Thread must be taken care of, too, or it engulfs all Pern and everyone loses (really).

Our own Holena reports the illness of LoIs our firelizard/copier/mascot (firelizard!?! She didn't help put that thing in Morvenna's basement! I'd rather move a sleeping dragon! Maybe.) She mentioned that the area suppliment to the Evansville Press did a story on Fort Weyr and Fort Fest. (see the first two pages of this ish for the reprint) She also mentioned that Fort is listed in the 1983 Fandom Directory.

C'tryn told us a little about C'tryn and why she has stepped down as Weyrwoman (busy elsewhere--like Bloomington).

I proposed that all the Weyrs get together and place an ad in Starlog and similar publications for Perndom.

That's all for APA #1. Since the APA is monthly and Harper Beat is bi-monthly, I'll be reporting on APA's 2 & 3 next ish. By then we should have a name for the APA and a ground-work laid for the Pern Welcomittee.

W E Y R H O L D I N G T H E F O R T (LoCs)

Scribe Coordinator NOTE: This first letter need explaining. The writer asked for information on Fort for his zine, the Indiana Fan. He found us in the Fandom Directory. I sent him a Fort Fest flyer, LoI, HB6, and a personal letter. Both his letter in reply to the package and my response below have been edited somewhat from the original letters, but not altered. Respond to either of us if you feel the urge. -Holena s.c.

John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, IN 47904

Thank you for the issue of HARPER BEAT, and I have several comments to make about it. First, I didn't like Rayanth's reply to Arawen at all, and it seems to have a completely different authorship from the poem above it... It was rather sudden as I was enjoying certain aspects of the poem. This Rayanth sounds like a homosexual to me.

...I'm wondering how Anne McCaffrey attained such transcendence over you, that you are actually leading a life-style drawn from one of her books.

We have had a very similar group here called the Purdue Society for Creative Anachronism /Rivenstar, home of former King Moonwulf??? -s.c./ ...and they are close enough that some of what you have written could have been written by them... I wonder if you were ever in contact with any of them? I'd sure like to know because I witnessed how they were never able to scrounge together a valid magazine... I suppose you have been at some of their tourneys, and vice versa, as you live in the same state with them and they were always meeting with out-of-staters (lusty).

...I'll send you an issue of THE INDIANA FAN when it's out. Most of the other recipients are National Fantasy Fan Federation members from Indiana... I'll be happy to trade /it/ for publications of yours.

...Nice to have heard from you, and hope to hear from you again.

...It was apparent rapidly that you know nothing about McCaffrey, the Pern series (soon to be 7 books) or its fandom, so where do you get off attacking Arawen, her dragon Rayanth, and the poems that were both written by Kris (Arawen) Seng...

Then there's your remarks about McCaffrey. You make it sound like only a fool would be "actually leading a life style drawn from one (emphasis is mine) of her books."



If that one page is your idea of a fanzine for Indiana fans--forget it! "This" (TIF) is not a magazine; it's a personal soapbox... I feel (on behalf of Fort Weyr & Perndom in general) very insulted after one letter from you and can't see how anyone with your attitude & tactlessness expects to lead an effort to draw fans together... Holena // (To Fort Members and others who read this, sorry I sounded so nasty, but just this once I think it was deserved and felt you should know about it. Enough of that. The next letters are from some lucky ones who attended LunaCon. The Harperhall is jealous. --Holena s.c.)

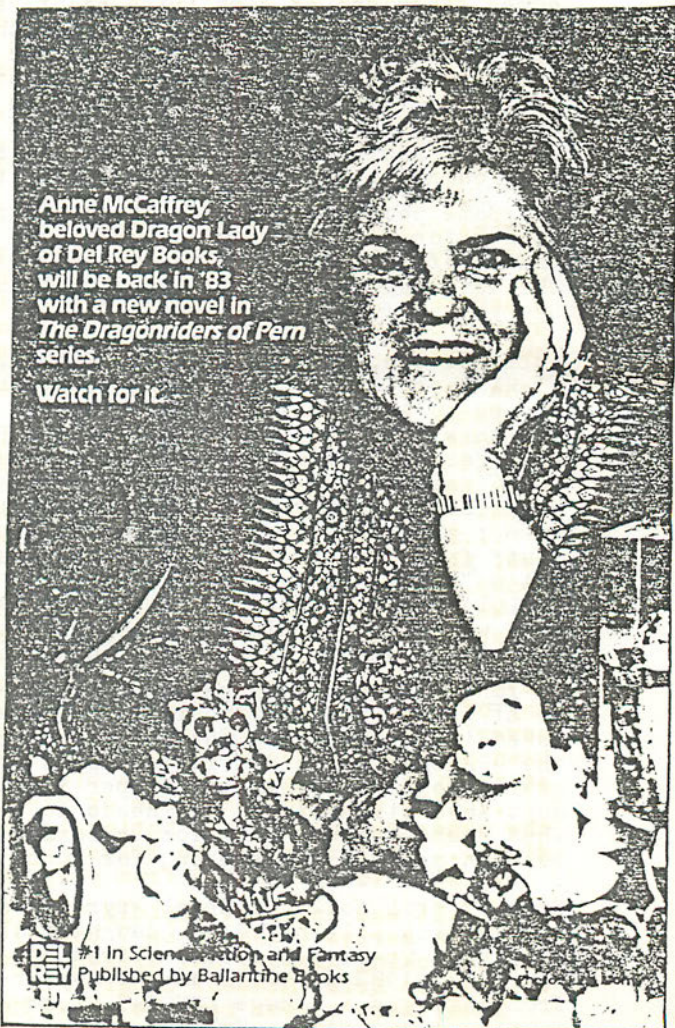
Lola Andrew (Lela, rider of blue Calth, Headwoman of Fort) 1220 Walnut, Webster City, IA 50595

Well, LunaCon was a big success. My first airplane ride went well.

We went to LunaCon Friday afternoon. The main thing on Fri. was an autograph party. I stood in line twice to have several of my McCaffrey books signed. I told her I brought her greetings from Fort, Ista, Segel, and Kieres. I also had a couple of books for Hal Clement to sign. There were several authors there that I did not know. I forgot to take my Donald Wolheim books so I couldn't get those signed as I had planned to do.

The main thrill was meeting the Dragon Lady. She is just as nice as I imagined she would be from her books. I found out that all blue dragons are male. This is important to me as Calth is a blue. I had just been told by Segel Weyr that they could be either and was thinking of having Calth be female. So I have to scratch the last part of a poem I just did.

I was happy to get all my McC books signed. There was a 3 book limit when she signed books Sat. in the dealers room. A couple of friends didn't have 3 so they took mine to be signed. I also met Isaac Asimov in the dealers room then. So I got him to sign a book of his I had with me. While he was signing it he was singing "Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets." A friend took some pictures.





Having read his autobiography, I wasn't as embarrassed as I could have been. He also had a talk Sat. that was very interesting. He is an excellent speaker. I thought he might come to this con as he is a friend of McC.

You'll be happy to hear that Dragonlady should be out in Dec. She is planning to do a sequel to Crystal Singer. When asked which was her favorite dragon she said Canth. She said the queens had to die to develop Brekke. If she had not needed them so badly, Canth would never have returned from the Red Star.

There was also a half hour film on Sunday showing her home. It showed her three cats and one of her dogs. She is a great lover of animals. Her home, Dragonhold, isn't a castle, but a modern light brick home. They showed some Irish countryside that reminded me of Pern. In her earlier talks she made it known that if a movie is ever done on her Pern books she will have a say in the script.

There was an Ista Gather Sat. night. We were hoping McC might come but heard that she was suffering from jet lag and couldn't come. I did meet some Ista members that I had not seen before. There was also a Darkover party that night. They had some good folk singing at this one. I do enjoy folksinging. Actually I like any excuse to sing.

//Some people! Sheesh! Thank you for passing greetings to the Dragonlady for us. We envy you, and just sit waiting for IstaCon and our chance ~~at~~ with her. So now you have Asimov singing to you! Thanks for the detailed report. It was almost as good as being there...(sigh). See you in July! -Holena//

Julie Steele, 1500 Oakland Rd. NE#205, Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

Hi there-- I'm breaking my long silence--sorry about that. I mentioned to Lola that I might bring me cassette recorder and (are you ready for this?) my McCaffrey tape to Fort Fest. Yes, I got her on tape Sat. plus quite a few of my books autographed so I can't complain. I also have Isaac Asimov--"The Good Dr. Speaks". From Icon 7 I have Joe Halde-man reading Poltergeist (his version); Anderson reading "Orion Shall Rise"; a lecture about UoII's plasma package on the Columbia; plus some stuff from Chicon. Want me to bring some of this? Also have Hal Clement's "A Tour of Pern."

Lola was serenaded at LunaCon by Isaac Asimov & he's a good singer! AM's working on finishing Dinosaur Planet. Well, maybe when I get my cassette recorder back I'll transcribe a copy for Harper Beat.

//Oh, you wonderful person! My cassette would be honored<sup>ed</sup> to play her, or at least, I'd like to read what she had to say. Merelan of Ista has asked if anyone had a copy of Hal Clement's "Tour" and I told her via the APA that you did. If you don't bring the tape(s) to Fort Fest, I advise you to stay in the camper & not come out. From all reports, McC must have six arms and two heads to be working on so many things at once. What does everyone want for Christmas this year? Look out, B. Dalton! So when are you registering for Fort Fest? See you then! -Holena//

From several folks in Segel Weyr comes the announcement of a new member: one Jessica Eileen Eldred, daughter of Eileen (Elitha, weyrwoman of Segel, gold Tamorth's rider) Eldred and some mundane. She arrived on April 22, 1983 at 12:45 am. Two-year-old brother Brian is recovering from onlyness. A huge CONGRATS from all of us (especially your fellow mommies) at Fort!! -Holena.



# FANDOM DIRECTORY

What is the Fandom Directory? It's nearly 500 pages of listings of fans, collectors, publishers, editors, zines, clubs, cons, ads and art from across and out of the US. Fandom includes: Star Trek, Star Wars, SF/F, authors from Asimov to Zelazny, old movies, music, gaming, computers, comics, costumes, etc. Fort Weyr, Harper Beat and Fort Fest are listed in the 1983 edition, but McCaffrey fandom had not made a big enough "Impression" on them to give us a special code in the listing, so finding new riders is tough. We are listed as SF/F, other. WE NEED YOU to help correct this omission. Fill out the data form enclosed and send it to the address on the form (don't forget the SASE). Check any and all areas that interest you but DON'T forget to put McCaffrey in the "other" space, so in 1984 Perndom will not be ignored!

For those who'd like a copy of this year's directory, it's available from the same address for \$8.95 plus \$1.25 p&h (\$10.20 total). Back issues are also available, at assorted prices.

HEY! Like it says on the form, copy it and pass it to a friend or three or more. The listing is free, and the more the merrier. They also run a contest for artists and feature the winners in the next year's Directory. The first prize is \$75 this year.

## Mail To...

(Enclose Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope)

### FANDOM COMPUTER SERVICES

Harry A. Hopkins

P.O. Box 4278

Norton AFB, Ca 92409

Why not photocopy this form and send it to a friend?

### DATA FORM

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE ( ) \_\_\_\_\_



# INTRA-WEYR FLYER

The following is a complete listing of the known Anne McCaffrey Fan Club Regional Weyrs. These Weyrs communicate with each other through an APA (Associated Press Alliance). Each Weyr is completely autonomous, passing it's own laws as the Weyr and local leaders see fit.

There is no rule in ANY of the below Weyrs that you must belong to just one Weyr, or that you must belong to the one nearest you. Each fan is free to choose which Weyr he/she wishes to join, or free to join all of the Weyrs if he/she so chooses.

## ISTA WEYR

Weyrwoman: Merelan, gold Lyrath's rider  
a.k.a. Marilyn Alm  
2911 Eton St.  
New Orleans, LA 70114

Jillian, gold Gwynneth's rider  
a.k.a. Jill A. Matthews  
2 Pine Tree Rd.  
Lawrenceville, GA 30245

Full membership: \$7/yr. Subscription \$4/yr.  
Check, money order, or stamps  
Payable to "Ne'at Hold"  
Send to Jillian

Newsletter (semi-monthly): Weyr Words

Other Publication (s): Ista Images--SASE for availability and price

Red Star Rising--in planning stages only

Ista Coloring Books--\$2.50, postage paid, order  
from Laura Taylor, 45 Herbert  
Hayes Dr., Lawrenceville, GA 30245

Weyr Boundries: VA, NC, SC, GA, FL, KY, TN, AL, ARK, MS, AND LA. No membership quota, will accept members/subs from anywhere.

Weyr colors: Sky blue and bronze

## FORT WEYR

Weyrleader: K'lee, bronze Vegath's rider  
a.k.a. Michael Sharer  
P.O. Box 505, Chandler, IN  
47610

Weyrwoman: Holena, gold Norath's rider  
a.k.a. Jane Ellen Moore  
1315 John St., Evansville, IN  
47714

Full Membership: \$5/year; subscription \$4/year  
Check, money order, or stamps  
Payable to Jane Ellen Moore ONLY

Newsletter: Harper Beat (6 times per year)

Other Publication(s): Fort Folio (1st Issue due Dec/83)

Weyr Boundries: West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana. No quotas, membership is open to ANYONE, ANYWHERE.

Current Membership: Between 40 and 50 in 16 states.

Weyr Colors: Lattice Yellow, as per the Dragonbooks by Anne McCaffrey

(OVER)



((INTRA-WEYR FLYER, cont.))

SEGEL WEYR

Weyrwoman: Elitha, gold Tamorth's rider  
a.k.a. Eileen Eldred  
Garden Dr., RFD 3  
Manchester, NH 03103

Senior Wingleader: Mira, brown Brenth's rider  
a.k.a. Melissa Limbacher

Full membership: \$20/yr.

Publication (s): Quarterely zine, Blowing Off Steam (generally between 30 and 60  
pages in length)

The History of Segel Weyr

The History of Western Snows Weyr

Foxfire (Star Wars saga)

And So It Has Ended (Star Wars saga)

Spooks

} SASE Elitha for availability  
and price

Weyr Boundries: Segel Weyr is not in favor of boundries, as they actively recruit from all over the world. If tied down, they will have to say the Upper East Coast--but as said, they don't like boundries. There is no membership quota, they'll get as big as they can. Current membership is approximately fifty.

Weyr Colors: Vary according to Wing. Each Wing has its own title and colors.

KIERES WEYR

Weyrwoman: Phalene, gold Taleth's rider  
a.k.a. Pam Ortel  
4199 Crescendo Ave.  
San Jose, CA 95136

Headwoman: Gadarra, gold Darith's rider  
a.k.a. Sabrina Chauncy  
661 Ardis Ave.  
San Jose, CA 95117

Full membership: \$5/year (Payable to Pam Ortel, only)

Newsletter: 6 times yearly/every two months--Dragon Tales

Other Publication (s): Dawn Star--three times yearly genzine

How to Cater a Gather--Pernese cookbook, being done in  
colaboration with Fort Weyr

Weyr Boundries: California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico.

Weyr Colors: Red (dominant), black, and gold

-----  
We hope this gives you the introduction you needed for Anne McCaffrey fandom in the United States. If there is another Weyr you know of that we do not have listed above, we would greatly appreciate it if you would write to "Weyrflyer Coordinator", % Pam Ortel, 4199 Crescendo Ave., San Jose, CA 95136.

We hope that you decide to join one or more of the above Weyrs. Fly safe!